

meant to turn away, instead of which, to his surprise, he found that he was standing nearer to her than he had ever stood before. And, as his arms went groping blindly for some mysterious purpose he found that they had closed about her and were holding her fast. The harder he tried to escape her, the more tightly he held her.

The girl made no attempt to escape, but continued smiling. "What is it?" he whispered. And suddenly the realization came to him.

"It's the poison—the love virus!" he exclaimed.

The girl nodded. She nodded so hard that her wealth of hair came tumbling down from under the hideous hood. He caught a strand between his fingers and pressed it to his lips.

"What am I doing? Why am I doing this?" he cried. "Is it—is it the symptoms?"

She nodded again. "It begins that way," she answered.

"What a curious disease," said the young man, thoughtfully. "Do you know, I don't believe I shall really mind being exiled with you on our island. Of course, a woman's company is apt to prove tedious. One doesn't expect the same intellectual companionship that a man's company affords. And then, I don't know that I shall have very much to say to you. But you will be useful for cooking my meals, and sometimes I will tell you things, and—"

The girl for the first time uttered a hearty laugh. The young man seemed in a daze. He passed his hand across his forehead.

"As I was saying," he resumed, "it will be delightful helping each other in the little things of the day, and in the evenings we'll sit and chat by the camp fire and compare notes and experiences—"

The silvery ripple of her mirth seemed to fill the room. Again the young man was struck silent.

"Why are you laughing at me?" he

cried at length. "Don't you want my devotion. Don't you want me to wait on you, to learn from you, to sit at your feet as your slave? Is there somebody else you prefer? I can hardly wait for the boat to arrive I—I—I—I believe I—love you. Is this love?"

"Yes, this is love," said the girl.

"How do you know? Do you love me? Do you feel the virus?"

"No," she answered, thoughtfully. "I am sure now that I am immune against it. I didn't tell those old professors, but all women are."

"Why? Why? Why?" shouted the young man.

"Because, you see," she answered, "we have known all about it all the time."

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**SHE DIRECTS VOTE OF 2,000,000
WOMEN IN ILLINOIS**



MRS. H. M. BROWN

Mrs. Harrison Monroe Brown is the new president of Illinois Equal Suffrage ass'n and she'll direct the political activities of 2,000,000 voting women for the next year. As Illinois is the eastern outpost of suffrage she is the most "eastern" of the eleven suffrage state presidents. Her home is in Peoria, Ill.